

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

## THE TWO BROTHERS:

OR,

## ADVENTURES IN A CASTLE.

*Continued.*

They instantly secreted themselves, and immediately perceived a man pass by without noticing them. He was soon met by another, and a dialogue ensued, which was not conducted so low a key, but that they were overheard. "Gerald," said the first, who appeared to have some authority, "the prisoner's fate is now determined; and he must be discharged as expeditiously as possible." "Why (replied the other) is this sudden resolution? I thought it was not to have been done."

"No matter," answered the first, "do you see it is done, I am in haste; when it is finished prepare to the grand hall." Upon this they separated, and walked down different avenues. When they had got a considerable distance, it was resolved that Louis, his valet, and another servant, should follow the second, while Monsieur Dupont and the remainder should pursue the first. Louis and his party proceeded after Gerald with great caution, till he entered a small chamber. They remained within sight of the door for nearly an hour, when finding he did not return, they ventured to look into the room, where they perceived he had passed through an opposite door.

Vexed at being thus disappointed, Louis rushed hastily forward, and had soon advanced considerably before his companions, when he perceived the same man passing again. As soon as he had descended, he retreated till he reached a staircase, which he began to descend. Louis, desirous of rescuing the unknown prisoner from the murderous designs of his enemies, continued to follow the man, whom he now saw was armed, till at length he was assailed by the dampness of the air and the dim glimmering of the light which Gerald carried in his hand, that he was in the vaults of the castle.

Undaunted by the certainty that he was at a great distance from his companions, he persisted in his resolute undertaking, and grasping a brace of pistols, with cautious steps pursued the assassin (who had by this time ceased to descend) through the winding avenues of the subterranean apartments, when he suddenly forced through a trap door into the vault below. Here he remained a moment in a lethargic suspense from the fall; one of the pistols, which he held in his hand was discharged, and the report reverberating from the gloomy cavities, vibrated on the ear of the astonished Gerald with such an awful sound, that he remained almost lifeless with terror. When reason had resumed her functions over his mind, he removed himself as fast as his trembling limbs would bear him, from the spot which had inspired him with such dreadful apprehensions, unable to comprehend from what cause they had arisen. While Gerald was proceeding to execute his diabolical

purpose, far other sensations agitated the breast of Louis; providentially he had not received any material injury, and when he had recovered from the swoon into which his fall had thrown him, he arose disappointed, because he now believed himself incapable of preventing the accomplishment of Gerald's murderous designs, on the unknown victim. Picturing to himself some unfortunate man fallen into the hands of his enemies, and suffering under the dagger of the mighty assassin, he waded with hasty steps the cavern into which he had been thrown, when a deep groan saluted his ear. His first sensation was an involuntary emotion of fear, but listening for some moments attentively, and not hearing it repeated, he attributed it to his perturbed imagination.

After some minutes had elapsed it was repeated, and he heard it too distinctly to suffer him to consider it as the wanderings of his own disordered fancy. Advancing towards the place from whence the sound proceeded, he perceived the reflection of a light proceeding from an open gate, and which upon a nearer view he found was placed upon a small table in the adjoining vault. Near it was a man in chains, lying on a miserable bed of straw, from whom he groans which had alarmed him issued. He at scarcely reached the groan, when an opposite door opened, and Gerald, the same whom he had followed so long, entered the vault. Louis had no pistol charged, and that he determined to use in the preservation of the helpless officer, and as the assassin was preparing to execute his infamous purpose he exclaimed a lateral instrument of tyranny, go to that word where thy black soul shall suffer torment worthy of so foul a scream," and at the same instant Gerald received a ball in his breast from the hand of Louis. Roused by the sudden a broken sinner, the prisoner raised himself from the floor, and presented to the eye of the astros sheet Louis, the ghastly countenance of his brother Henry. Joy at once burst forth like those beloved features, inspiring him with strength, and grasping the bar with a nervous hand, he writhed the whole extent of its position, and in an instant he found himself in the arms of his brother. When the first emotion attendant on such an occasion had subsided, they resolved to return by the way Gerald had entered the dungeon. Louis therefore feeling the pockets of the deceased murderer, took the keys which forced the chains round the body of Henry, and liberated him. Leaving the limp upon the table they quitted his gloomy dungeon, intending to direct their steps towards the mansion of the living without any light, rather than expose themselves to detection. Carefully moving along the vaults, they passed the trap door, through which Louis had entered, and ascended the static case; as they were moving along the dark passage at the top they heard the report of a pistol at a short distance, and in a few minutes the y were joined by M. Dupont, who pausing his finger on his lip in token of silence, beckoned them to follow him, and proceeded with hasty steps in the direction towards the door by which

they had entered the castle; but as they were descending the spiral staircase, they heard a hoarse voice at the bottom, calling to others, and bidding them guard all the outlets, and they had them safe enough. They, upon hearing this, measured back their steps with rapidity, and were as quickly pursued by others, whose hoarse voices proceeding in different directions, announced their approach. The fugitives were obliged to separate, and Louis and Henry entered a recess, which by its gloom, favoured their concealment. Unfortunately, their pursuers thought proper to search it, and they were both discovered, conducted to separate apartments, and put in fetters, to prevent the possibility of their escape. Henry, reduced in mind and body by the severity of his confinement, suffered himself to be bound without murmuring, but the ardent spirit of his brother Louis, disdained confinement, and it was with difficulty they secured him. He demanded for what reason he was to be kept a prisoner, and heaped curses upon them, but they only sneered at his impatience, and left him to his own thoughts. Meanwhile, M. Dupont, and those who accompanied him, had found their way to the subterranean apartments, and by means of a breach made by the destroying hand of time, escaped from the walls of the castle. His first step, was to go to court, where he stated to the king every circumstance, and was allowed a body of soldiers to search the castle. They did so, but in vain, not a soul was to be found, all was undisturbed quietude, and he was under the necessity of leaving his wards to their fate. Months passed away, but the cloud of mystery was not dispelled, when one evening, when the family had all retired to bed, a violent knocking was heard at the gate. This untimely intrusion roused M. Dupont, who dressed himself, and went below to know the cause; he found the servants huddled together, disputing who should open the gate, for since the inexplicable disappearance of Louis and Henry, a superstition had pervaded the bosom of every domestic. M. Dupont ordered them to follow him, and he opened the gate, when he rushed a figure covered with blood and dust—a gory spectre issuing from his arm, which hung lifeless at his side.

The servants uttered a cry of terror, and clung round their master, when the stranger stood on the floor, fainting through loss of blood. A couch was prepared for him, and every attempt made to recall departed manhood, but in vain; the face was discolored of the blood which besmeared it, and the pallid features proclaimed that the stranger was the lost Louis. Grieved to the soul to be obliged to lose him the moment he was found, M. Dupont exerted himself to blow into existence the last spark of life, and was at length successful. The blood flowing from the wound in his arm was staunched, and a deep groan issued from his lips. The faint prospect of recovering him stimulated the faithful guardian to new exertion, and he had at length the satisfaction of perceiving his eyes open, and a reviving cor dial completely restored his to life. But a de-

trions fever raged through his veins, and he raved with all the incoherence of madness; "his brother, his murdered brother," was the principal object on which his wandering fancy seemed to rest. Seven days he existed under the influence of madness, when his ravings subsided, and he sank into a state of insensibility. M. Dupont was sensible that the crisis of his disorder was at hand, and conceived his inanimate situation as only a prelude to dissolution. "A fated youth, (he exclaimed) evil was the planet that presided at thy birth under its influence have all thy days been tainted with misfortune, and the dart of death is already extended to deprive thee of existence. Small has been thy portion of happiness here, but thy reward is yet to come."

The worthy owner of the chateau had sent for a surgeon from the neighbouring village as soon as he had discovered in the person of the wounded stranger he loved Louis. M. Burton, the surgeon who was expected, was an English gentleman who had studied physic and surgery under the most eminent of the profession in London, but owing to some disgust he had taken to his native country, he retired to France, and took up his residence at the village in the vicinity of the chateau, where he continued the practice of his profession, with equal ability and success. He possessed a perfect knowledge of the French language, as he had resided in the kingdom for many years, and could converse on any subject with ease; his sentiments were expressed without affectation, and his conversation displayed superior talents and refinement; it may therefore be supposed that he was a frequent visitant at the chateau, where his arrival was ever greeted with an unaffected welcome. He had married a French lady, by whom he had one daughter, and thus endearing his bound him still closer to the country. Upon Monsieur Barton's examining Louis's arm, while he was insensible, he found that a ball had been lodged there, but it was luckily extracted without injury. At M. Dupont's request, this humane gentleman, whose heart was ever alive to sensibility, consented to remain at the chateau till reason superseded madness, or his patient paid "the great debt of nature."

The crisis of his disorder was fast approaching, his breath grew short, and delusive hope was banished from every bosom, and gave place to despondency. Every countenance wore the livery of sorrow, and gave the strongest testimony of the love they bore to him; at length he appeared to have entirely ceased to aspire; all his melancholy friends were seated round the bed, waiting the moment when his soul should depart "to him who gave it."

To be continued.

#### ANECDOTE.

A Juryman, not so pliant as many, was repeatedly singular in his opinion, but so determined as always to bring over the other eleven. The judge asked him once how he came to be so obstinate. "My Lord," said he, "no man is more open to conviction than I am; but I have not met the same pliancy in others; for it has generally been my lot to be on a jury with eleven obstinate men."

Some weak people are so sensible of their weakness, as to be able to make a good use of it.

#### THE WIDOW.

Poor Mary, I pity thy lot,  
Of every sorrow the prey;  
Death struck at the peace of thy cot,  
And has taken thy partner away.

Ah! Widow, distracted and lone,  
Ah, penniless stranger to case;  
Thine, unassisted to mourn,  
Is a season indeed as this.

Ofa husband, most faithful bereft,  
Who now will afford thee relief?  
The pledges of love he has left,  
But add to thy measure of grief.

The Anna who shad' every joy,  
Now answers thee every sigh:  
And even that dear little boy  
Seems to catch the distress of thy eye.

Unthinking and innocent child?  
Thou a mother's caresses couldst steal,  
And now, at each pleasure beguiled,  
Thus seemest her sorrow to feel.

Poor Mary I pity thy lot!  
But stop the effusion of grief;  
Is the plaint of the wretched forgot,  
By the hand that can tender relief?

Ah no! with each sorrow sent,  
Is a heavenly balm to be found;  
And without the all gracious consent,  
Not a sparrow shall fall to the ground.

The world, though its prospects are bright,  
The oldest, who longest it know,  
Have seen us d the pleasures to slight  
Of a region so pregnant with woe.

And happiness—Mary can own  
That it vanishes so as a dream;  
At the snow-drop that instantly gone  
The moment it falls on the stream.

Like Children, delighting our eyes,  
We gaze at the fugitive fair,  
Up we grasp for a moment the prize,  
E'er it bursts—tis a bubble of air.

Then, seeming so thorow a road,  
Through a country so writhed asthis,  
Let us sigh for a lasting abode,  
To the regions of durable peace.

#### ADDRESS TO AN INFANT.

WELCOME! happy little stranger,  
To this busy world of care!  
Nothing can thy peace enlanguish,  
Nothing now thy steps ensnar.

Precious babe! thou art exalted  
From all thought of trouble near;  
No distress has yet intruded,  
Knew remorse, nor restless fear.

Innocence and peace attend thee!  
Baldy shunners now are thine,  
Every change to thee is friendly,  
Love and joy, around thee shine.

Yet, alas! behind the curtain,  
Tribulation veils her form;  
Disappointment's stamp is certain  
Virtue, only, shields from harm.

Now a Mother's care is wanted,  
All thy cravings are supplied;  
All thy infant claims are granted,  
Not one comfort is denied.

How her bosom pants with pleasure!  
All her feelings are awake;  
Gladly would she, little treasure,  
All thy pains and sufferings take.

Mayst thou, if designed by Heaven,  
Future days, and years to see,  
Soule her, make her passage even,  
Let her heart rejoice in thee!

May her anxious care and labours,  
Be repaid by filial love—  
And thy soul be crowned with favours,  
From the boundless source above.

#### WHAT IS BEAUTY.

The venerable Khalip Mahmoud Raif, before his spirit was received by the angel of death, concluded his farewell address to his beloved son with the following injunction—Ismail said, let me take but one wife to thy bosom, but be careful that she is perfectly beautiful; if thou dost mistrust thy own judgment, see the opinion of the sages of different countries, for wisdom is not confined within the narrow bounds of individual capacity. The weeping youth bent his body to the earth in token of his obedience, and the countenance of his aged parent was decked with the sweet smile of contentment, as his son fled from its penitential habitation.

The youthful Ismail had long cherished the glowing passion of love for the virgin Zelma; virtue had shed its benign influence in her heart, but nature had formed her person in an angry mood, and rendered it a singular contrast to the beauty that graced her maid.

The words of the expiring Khalip however, remained indelibly fixed in the mind of his dutiful child, who resolved implicitly to obey his father's commands, although no attachment to Zelma was the source of many an involuntary sigh; but filial obedience triumphed over love, and he proceeded to the Khan, or Inn, in which the various inhabitants of the earth were assembled.

Ismail had scarcely made known the occasion of his visit, when the guests displayed thro' the different nations of beauty, entertained by their respective countries, and eagerly advised him to be guided by them in the choice of a bride. An oracle of the descent invited him to examine the countenance of his nation for breaking the edge of his epauliere, which, he said, informed, rendered them exquisite beauties; a native of the Ladron Islands said, that beauty consisted in black teeth and white hair; an inhabitant of the Cumans admired thin cheeks, a long visage, and extremely large eyes; a Chinese preferred small crippled feet; a Turk countenance, and large black eyes; a Highlander the custom of painting the face blue or yellow; a Muscovite declared, that a woman whose features were not loaded with paint, was perfect hideous; and an Englishman allowed that the females of his country had adopted the opinion of the Muscovites!

Others of the company were preparing to offer their opinions, when an holy Dervise, with modest accent, addressed the Khalip—Mighty prince, said he, this most humble of our slaves wishes to lay his lonely mate of advice at your feet. Proceed, holy Dervise, replied Ismail. The venerable sage, replied, I have diligently studied the divine language of the Genii and my endeavours have been crowned with success; this sacred volume contains the fruits of my toil; on this your wishes will be gratified. The judge of the faithful eagerly seized the precious gift, and found written in letters of gold, IN VIRTUE ALONE IS PERFECT BEAUTY.

#### ANECDOTE.

The Irishmen having travelled on foot from Chester to Birkenet, were exceedingly tired and fatigued with their journey, and the more so when they were told they had but still about ten miles to London. By St Patrick, cried one of them, it is but five miles a piece, let us walk it.

#### SCRAP.

Where there is emulation, there will be vanity; and where there is vanity, there will be folly.

## MOORLAND MARY.

With jet-black eyes, and blue-black hair,  
With cheeks so white, and round arms bare;  
A white tooth so white, and dimpled chin,  
A young girl, and pure within—  
A small star-like, a loosely tied,  
A rush basket at her side,  
Full with berries red and blue,  
A heather buds at many a tree;  
I step so light as am I;  
I met the little Moorland Mary.

• You sweet girl will go with me,  
My little serving maid to be;  
And those soft notes you sweetly sing,  
Beset them to my mortal young;  
I leave these hills so bleak and wild,  
To watch and tend my darling child,  
To cherish her I truly love,  
And render true and faithful prove,  
And on her infant steps be wary;  
Hil measure you sweet Moorland Mary.

• Oh lady! listen to my tale,  
And let my simple words prevail—  
My mother's old—she's old and poor,  
And scarce can totter to the door—  
And she loves her only boy—  
She has no other girl or boy—  
But whilst she lives with her I'll stay,  
But think of you when far away,  
She says the grave will rest the weary,  
And then I'll meet your Moorland Mary.

## The Weekly Museum.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1808.

The city inspector reports the death of 48 persons (of whom 21 were men, 14 women, 8 boys and 5 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz: Of convulsions 1, asthma 1, exs 4, cold 1, consumption 11, convulsions 4, debility 3, decay 3, dropsy 1, typhus fever 1, gravel 1, flux 2, inflammation of the stomach 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, old age 2, pleurisy 2, sub-leprosy 2, sudden death 2, swelling 2, and 1 of whooping cough. The cases of convulsions were, Jacob Sanders, a native of Holland, who dropped dead on Sunday in East George street—a man (name unknown) found dead on the road near the two mile stone—Davy King, a native of Ireland aged 35 years, who was accidentally drowned, and a child, aged 3 years, who died in consequence of falling into the fire.

A young woman, not 20 years old, was committed to the goal of Longford last week, for the murder of her husband, an attorney young man, at Roscommon. Her husband had forced his marriage contrary to her father's will; she was a leper, accompanied her dead husband, & facing a pair of tongs about her neck, and singeing him alive, and one of her accomplices have caused their guilty deed does not appear that she was influenced to commit this most execrable act by attachment to any other person.

The British ship *L. Alceste*, of 20 guns, was captured by two French privateers, after an action of two hours, on her passage from London to Port-au-Prince with a cargo valued at 40,000\$, and carried into St. Jago de Cuba.

From Washington.

This morning the town was alarmed by bills stuck up at every tavern, corners of streets, &c. The following is a copy as near as I can collect:

• HECTOR UNMASK'D!

"In justice to my character, I desegue to

the world. John Randolph, member of Congress, a proscriptive, bold, valiant, resolute, patriotic and onward.

### "JAMES WILKINSON."

This challenge is in consequence of some language J. R. made use of on the floor of Congress two or three sessions ago, and to which J. R. returned for answer, "I do not know how I can bring myself down to a level with James Wilkinson."

A most extraordinary dwarf has been exhibited lately at Paris, and has attracted immense crowds. It is a male child of three years and a half old, which is only 16 inches high, and weighs six pounds. At first view it more resembles a beautiful pup than a human creature. It was born in Paris.

25,000, 10,000, and 5,000 DOLLARS

H GILST P. Z. S.

### FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

Tickets in the SIXTH CLASS LOTTERY, for the Promotion of Literature at \$6.00, but will positively rise to seven next week.

### FOR SALE.

A healthy Black Girl, 14 years of age. Apply at his office

Dec 23 1808

### JEWELRY,

At 200 Broadway.

EDWARD ROCKWELL informs his friends and owners that he has removed from the Park to No. 200 Broadway, where he asserts a continuance of new custom, and flatters himself that his goods, and his attention to his business will fully meet with their approbation.

He has constantly for sale—large assortment of the newest and most fashionable gold ear-rings, breast pins, lockets, finger rings, miniature settings, pearl pins and earring, and of every fashion, hair work & necklaces, and gold & bracelets, clasps, chains, steel chains, seals and keys, &c. He has also silver sets, table and tea-spoons, sugar tongs, plain and ornamental tortoise shell combs, and a variety of articles appropriate to his line of business, which are numerous to mention; he will sell at the lowest price, and will warrant the gold and silver work where ever of his own manufacture to be equal to any.

### DURABLE INK

FOR WRITING ON LINES WITH A PEN.

Without nothing will discharge without destroying the Lines, for sale at this office.

### MRS. TODD.

No 92 Liberty street, respectfully inform her friends and the public in general, that she has just received, and is now offering an elegant assortment of India and Scotch Muslins, &c.,  
Fancy green Patterns.  
The plain faced and musk muslin  
Woolsted and dotted muslin  
Wool and silver woven turkish kid shoes  
Satin & elegant sewed and tamboured musl and lace  
100s.  
For short dresses, Facks.  
Also, gauze, muslin, Imperial, hysses and sashong  
teas, of the very best quality

December 19 1808

984-2w

Wait a situation. A young lady of respectable who wishes to engage to do the Sewing of a gentle family—A line directed to Y D and left at this Office will be duly attended to.

Dec 23 1808

984-2w

### ORAM'S ALMANACS

for 1808.

For sale at this Office.

Also Hutchinson's Almanacs

for 1808.

by the groce dozen or single ones.

## COURT OF HYMEN.

HAIL Matrimony! hail, thou happiest life!  
What comfort here has man without a wife.

### MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Townley, Mr. John Byrne, jun. to Mrs. Eleanor Dougherty, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Sullivan Sutherland, merchant, to Miss Margaret Mac, all of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Jacob Eby, to Miss Jane Hardie, daughter of James Hardie, A. M.

At the same time, Mr. Aaron Ely, to Miss Susan Smith, daughter of Mr. Richard Smith.

In Baltimore, Mr. Samuel Barnes, Printer, to Miss Susan Dibdin.

In Boston, Mr. William W. Clapp, Printer, to Miss Hannah W. Lane.

At Elizabethtown, N. J. by the Rev. Mr. Grever, Mr. Lucas F. Douglas, Printer, to Miss Phoebe Gould.

At Brattleborough, (Vt.) Mr. Rufus Allen, jun. Print. to Miss Harriet Whitney.

At Bennington (Vt.) Mr. David R. Maxwell, Printer, to Miss Lucinda Beaman.

At Chappaqua, Mr. James D. Bemis, one of the editors of the Western Repository, to Miss Ruth Williams, both of that place.

At Waltham, by the Rev. Dr. Cushing, Mr. Samuel Townsend, to Miss Abigail Wellington.—Mr. Levi Willard of Boston, to Miss Sally Wellington.—Mr. William Parker, of Cambridge, to Miss Martha Wellington.—The three brides were sisters, and daughters of Mr. Samuel Wellington of Waltham, and were married in immediate succession.

## MORTALITY.

Hence are my tears, and hence my sighs,  
What ever lives, as surely dies—  
All that are born, all that is made  
Are shadows shadow of a shade.

### DIED.

Yesterday morning after a short illness Mrs. Lindsey, wife of Charles Lindsey in the 20th year of her age.

On Saturday morning, after a lingering illness, which he bore with Christian fortitude and patient resignation, Mr. John Stevens, in the 65th year of his age.

On Sunday evening, between 8 and 9 o'clock, Anthony Lipson.

Laurel at Hudson, in the 33rd of age, Captain Peter C. Schuyler, of this city.

On Wednesday, after a short but severe illness, in the 83d year of his age, Mr. M. G. Hayes.

Last week at the age of 100 years, Jane Bertine, a native of Africa.

On the 24 inst. in the 33d year of his age, Mrs. Ann Bonney, wife of Mr. James Bennett, of this city.

At Hampton, Virg. Mr. Miner Jr. by.

At Geneva, state of New-York, on the 14th inst. Mrs. Mary Rice, widow of Bernard Rice, formerly of Princeton, in this state, aged 100 years and eleven months.

At Albany, Captain John Breecker, jun. of that city.

At Philadelphia, on in the 48th year of his age,

Mr. Charles Nichols, a native of Africa.

This day is published, and for sale by

M. HARRISON,

No 3 Peck-slip.

### A NEAT EDITION OF

### THE WILD IRISH GIRL;

A National Tale,

BY MISS OWENSON.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### THE PROTEST.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
"Tis the curse and plague of my life,  
It ruins my credit, may health, and my purse,  
My peace, and my comfort—and what is still worse,  
It vexes and angers my wife!

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
It torments and embitters my life!  
To ruin, 'twill hurry its votive headlong,  
And reason declares that I'm quite in the wrong,  
And so does the tears of my wife!

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
Nor lead such a wretched vile life;  
Its attendants are poverty, shame and disgrace!  
Disease and despair stare me hard in the face,  
And so does my heart-broken wife!

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
"Tis the spring of all evils in life!  
"Tis the curse of all cursus! of mischievous the worst!  
"Tis the plague of all plagues! "Tis a demon assured  
No wonder loud chides my poor wife.

I protest that no more I'll get drunk—  
For I find it the bane of my life;  
Henceforth, I'll be watchful that nought shall  
destroy  
That comfort and peace that I ought to enjoy  
In my children, my home, and my wife.

The following inscription is copied from the tomb erected over the ashes of Gen. Wayne. We trust, the friends of this hero will be gratified by its perusal

HERE IES.  
Beneath this noble tent,  
Fitting for nobler enterprise;  
With nothing less than Heaven content :  
Waiting (while ordered out again)  
Till trumpets bid him rise,  
To join the armies of the skies.

IMORTAL  
GENERAL WAYNE,  
Till here  
A winter quarters  
His warlike corpse remain,  
Tho' Death, that must march grim,  
A prince's robe of him.  
His gallant enterprise soul  
Is on parole,  
Viewing each heavenly plain,  
Where he  
Must shortly be,  
With Indian Chieftain in unity,  
His next campaign.

Bound on the door of a church in England on the morning of a fast day for the success of the British arms

On your bloods, are these your pranks,  
To murder men, and give God thanks;  
I pray you stop, proceed no further,  
For God requires no thanks for murder!

JUST PUBLISHED  
And for sale at this office,  
THE DISCARDED SON;

ON THE  
HAUNTS OF THE BANDITI,  
By Maria Regino Roche.

## MORALIST

If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food—

And one of you say unto him, Depart in peace, be ye clothed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful for the body: what doth it profit?—James ii. 15, 16.

Good intentions and friendly wishes are too often thought to be a sufficient passport to Heaven. Were half of the benevolent maxims which flow from every tongue to be realized in practice, another golden age would appear, and nothing more would remain to intend or to wish.

Accost the first man you meet—tell him a tale of poverty and sickness—he is all sympathy.—Are they really in distress? how I pity them! how long have they been in this condition? something must certainly be done for them!—"But will you do anything yourself?"—"I will do all I can—but stay, there is Mr. B——, twice as rich as I am, apply to him; be willing to do something, I am sure—good morning." He leaves you—shakes off the application, and speedily forgets you and your tale.

The Escapist ventures thus to portray the universal disposition, in regard to charity, to talk and not to act. If every individual who deplores the pressure of poverty, would do a little for its relief, the world would shortly be explosed from our vocabulary; and a happy world could only say, and perhaps hardly believe, that such a thing has been.

Our tender sympathies for distress are inactive while we abhor in the good things of this life. It needs our own sufferings to excite them; nor are they ever always sufficient—nor if sufficient, is the impression always durable. However we may be chilled by the blast of winter out of doors, no sooner are we within, and heated by a cheerful fire, than we forget our suffering wretched neighbors, and soon find it not so cold as it was!

What Stern said of vice, may be said of misery—that to hear men talk, one would suppose the whole world was in an uproar about it, and was combining in a general league for its expulsion. And yet, cry day ev'rywhere that while we are lecturing upon our ne'er-do-wells, hunger and nakedness continue to invade the miserable recesses of many a fellow creature.

## THE SUBSCRIBER,

Professor of Dancing and of the French Language Interpreter, Translator, &c. has established his Academy at Harmony hall in Barley, corner of William street, where he exercises his profession.

Pups for the French Language are attended at such hours of the day or evening as may suit their convenience.

The Dancing School is kept in the afternoon for masters, misses, and such as cannot attend at other times, and in the evening for grown persons of both sexes. The master has it in his power at almost any time of day or evening to attend on Ladies or Gentlemen, who, not having had the opportunity, in early life to acquire the polite accomplishment of dancing, would prefer being instructed in private, rather than at the public school. Ladies and gentlemen—siring it, will be waited upon at their houses.

IGNACE C. FRAISER

### FOUND,

A short time since, A POCKET BOOK, containing a small sum of money; the owner may have it by applying at No. 228 Front-street.

Nov.

579—6

### CSTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete,—warranted tight, by G. ALFORD

No. 15 Catherine street, near the Watch house.

## TORTOISE-SHELL COMBS

TO SALE BY  
N. SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER  
FROM LONDON,  
AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN ROSE  
NO. 114, BROADWAY.

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies' ornamental COMBS, of the newest fashion.—Also, Ladies' plain Tortoise Shell COMBS of all kinds.

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January 3, 1807

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